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AGITATE—EDUCATE—ORGANIZE—FIGHT FOR THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

MINERS WON'T STRIKE

MINERS IN CONVENTION IN BUTTE—CONVENTION DECIDES NOT TO GO ON GENERAL STRIKE.

Special to the "Worker."

The convention of the Western Federation of Miners which opened in Butte on Monday, July 17th, is now in full swing and many important matters have come before the body of delegates and although by a very close margin, the resolution calling for a general strike the day McNamara goes to trial, was defeated by a vote of 172 to 124. This vote was taken after one of the most heated discussions which has so far marked the convention. An appeal from Gompers asking for an assessment of 25 cents per month was adopted.

McNemony says he expects the trial will cost \$500,000.00.

Rutledge, a delegate from Arizona, had a resolution to place the election of committees in the hands of the convention. The resolution was handed to Mills, the secretary, before any committees were appointed on Monday morning, the day the convention opened, but it was not read until after Moyer had appointed the credentials committee. Moyer said he was quite willing to have the convention decide the matter; it was put to a standing vote and the resolution was defeated 75 to 24.

Speeches were made to let the trial of McNamara GO ON ITS MERITS. The following remarks of Delegate Wilkinson of Cooper Union No. 30 is characteristic of the A. F. of L. slush that is being peddled:

"If a general strike is declared we will be scabbed on from the Atlantic to the Pacific and government and military will soon compel us to rip out the lumber for our own coffins. Let that trial go on its merits and let us give our imprisoned brothers all the aid in our power and we will save their necks just as the country-wide influence of labor organizations saved the necks of our own Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone."

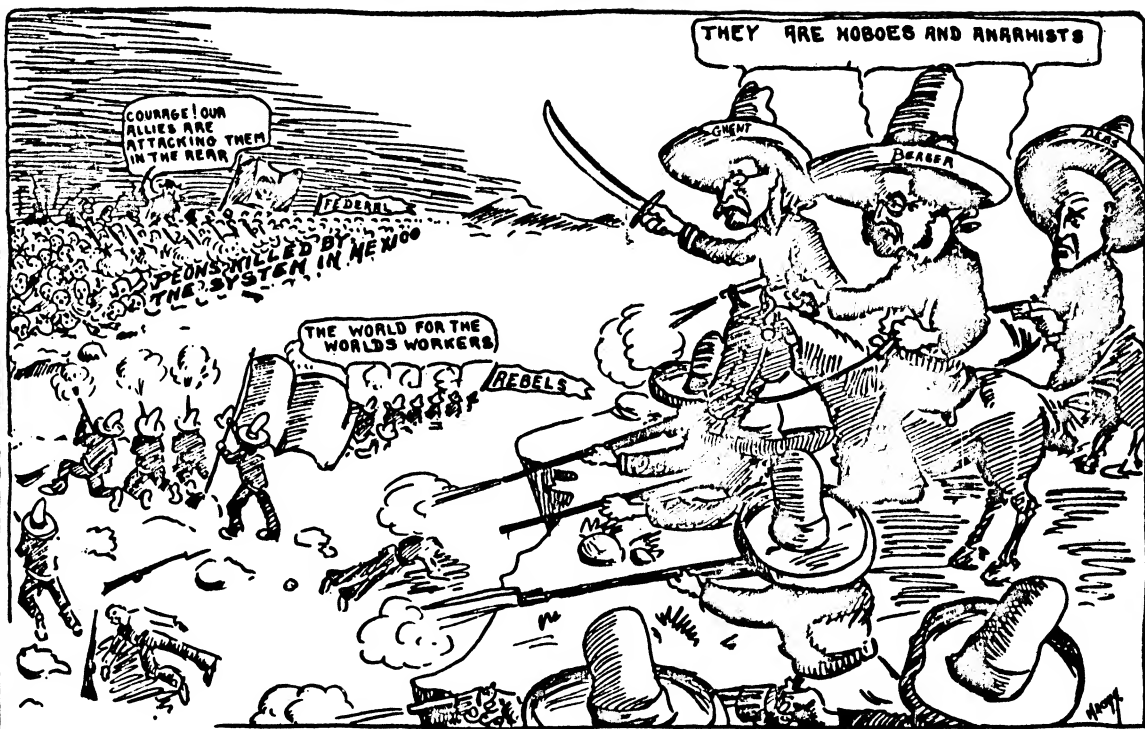
The following was delivered by a Socialist who is also a staunch advocate of the affiliation of the W. F. M. to the one thousand and one brands of organized scabbery and job trusts that infest the country. This comes from the noted Guy Miller of Colorado:

"All this talk about calling a general strike is cheap noise. The people who have made similar noises on occasions in the past are the last to go down in their pockets and do something practical and effective in the cause of labor."

This GUY believes that going down in the pocket of a slave is evidently going to whip the master class of America. These fellows are true to the A. F. of L. tactics and as they stand for affiliation with this aggregation, it is to be expected that they will stand for the policy of Gompers and the A. F. of L.

The class struggle is drawn as plainly in the W. F. M. convention as it is between the Manufacturers' Association and the working class. The organization is loaded down with reactionists and pure-and-simplers who are afraid that some one will seab on them or that the soldiers will shoot them down. Its safe to say that there are more revolutionists in the United States army than there are in the rank and file of the organization if these delegates are a fair sample of their respective locals. The vote on the general strike resolution will give a fair idea of the line up and to what proportion the real rebels stand to the conservative wage slave who wishes to leave well enough alone and who will not mind digging up 25 cents a month to help save someone's neck. The attitude of the delegates of the W. F. M. convention in Butte will raise joy in the camp of our enemy, the master class. This is the gang that wants to belong to the A. F. of L. and they are true to their desire to go backward while the boss forges ahead. Butte has a solid delegation for the real thing and many other delegates are here which certainly gives hope to the rebel who wishes to build so that we can win. How long a fighting minority has to be held in check and throttled by a bunch of reactionists and conservatives, time will soon tell.

A DELEGATE.



THE NEW RURALES

POLITICAL GHOULS DESPISE THE WORKERS

SOCIALIST HAS "NO SYMPATHY" FOR INSURRECTOS IN MEXICO—THEY ARE ANARCHISTS," SAY THESE RESPECTABLES.

With every subsidized newspaper in America hurling broadsides of vituperation and abuse at the Mexican peon and their allies because they dared to stand and fight for LAND AND LIBERTY and with our "respectable" Socialists denouncing the insurrectos with the same language as the capitalist class, with the cry from both sides of "anarchist," "hobo," "blanket stiff," etc., the man that would fight the battle for freedom today is certainly in a sorry plight. We had nothing to expect from the master class of America who owns title deeds to a great portion of the land of Mexico, and if we expected anything from the parliamentarian who is going to "CAPTURE THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT" we can at least say that such expectations have been "knocked on the head." One would suppose that such men as Debs, Ghent and Berger, as well as the "Appeal to Reason" would at least keep their mouths closed up if nothing could be said in favor of those who are fighting and dying on the desert in defense of their home and family. Speaking through his secretary, Berger, the United States congressman, has the following to say in regard to the battle for freedom in Mexico:

Comrade Berger is wasting no sympathy on the "insurrectos" of Lower California. Comrade Berger is a Socialist, and he stands by the principles and traditions of the international Socialist movement. The "insurrectos" are not Socialists, but are, in the main, opposed to Socialism. Their movement is not predominantly a Mexican movement. It is a movement originating in the United States and its promoters and followers are a mixture of men of every creed except Socialism. Some of them are merely vague utopians. Some of them are so-called "direct actionists." Others are avowedly Anarchists. Still others are revolutionists by temperament and would as readily revolt against a Socialist administration as against a capitalist administration. The Socialist party can afford to have no connection with this movement.

This same "Ghent" who spews out the slime for his master, Berger, in answer to a statement which appeared in the New York "Call," and in which the insurrectos were defended by Comrade Sawyer, has further to say as follows:

Comrade Roland D. Sawyer seems to me to mistake the Socialist position in regard to revolution and to misunderstand the character of the "insurrection" in Lower California. This "insurrection" was no more a class war than

would be an invasion of Comrade Sawyer's front yard by a dozen hoboes intent upon starting a "rough house." The warriors were not Mexicans, and they had no more business across the line than would the hoboes have in Comrade Sawyer's yard. They were not Socialists, but "blanket men," "direct actionists" and anarchists. Anarchists do not fight the class war in behalf of the workers, and any one who thinks so needs badly to read Plechanoff's little book. Anarchist philosophy is an opposite of Socialist philosophy, and Anarchist activity is directed quite as much against Socialism as against capitalism. Socialists have no more right to support an Anarchist revolt than they have to support a rebellion such as that of the slaveholders of 1861 or of the Magyars in 1848-9. A good deal of sentimental Anarchism is being absorbed at this time by Socialists here and there, and the fact bodes ill for the future. It would seem that this vexing question must some day be fought out all over again.

The revolutionists have never appealed for "sympathy," but they have asked men who believed in no flag and no country, no international boundary line, to assist in overthrowing a system of slavery that is a thousand times lower than the chattel slavery of olden days; worse than chattel slavery because the peon has no value on him as had the negro of slavery days. The peon is whipped and tortured in the burning sun with long hours of labor and the lash is applied if the boss is not satisfied with the day's work. Who could read the account of Mexico by Kenneth Turner and then have the brazen effrontery to say that it is not the class war in Mexico. True the insurrection so far as Madero was concerned, was not a class war, it was a fight between Madero with his million acres of land and his millions of dollars on the one side and Diaz and his followers with their millions on the other side. It was a battle between masters and who ever heard of slaves getting anything from a Madero that he wasn't prepared to TAKE? That this insurrection did not originate in Mexico is the direst of all lies. Is not Magon and his associates of the Mexican Liberal Junta, Mexicans and has not these men suffered in jail for years on a stretch because they have dared to fight for LAND AND LIBERTY in their native land? Is there not a price on the heads of these Mexican revolutionists by both the Madero and Diaz governments?

"Blanket men," "hoboes," "direct actionists!" How is that, you slave, coming from your representative and the first and only one to hold a seat in the United States congress? Can you discover any difference between this language and the language used by the Capitalist

press? If these crafty scabs have no sympathy for men who wish to free themselves from the yoke of tyranny, then we have no sympathy for THEM and we wish to place them where they belong. No language has yet been coined that could express our indignation and hatred for a slimy rat that fattens on votes from slaves, yet ignores the man that has no permanent residence and who helps to make up the great army of the unemployed, through no fault of his. If ever a moral leper has been discovered that can sink lower in the depth of degradation than this band of political rats then so far they have not been unearthed and brought to light.

The insurrectos were opposed to nothing but oppression and no coined words like "SOCIALISM" can any longer hide those who gloat and glory over their defeat. The battle has yet to be fought in Mexico and all the "noise" from OUR REPRESENTATIVES will not stop us from flocking over an imaginary boundary line to assist our fellow workers in time of trouble. The waters which divide us from France or England would not hinder us if we could assist our fellow workers in those countries. Socialists have NO RIGHT to support anything if they do not wish to and the fact that there are many who do not wish to, but who would rather assist in torturing men and women who desire freedom and have the "guts" to fight for it, only proves that these so-called Socialists are nothing but a lot of office seekers who had to the skies the men that has a vote and hates the man that is without one. That this bunch will soon be known by the stench which arises from their political slime is a foregone conclusion. "WORKERS OF THE WORLD unite," but stay in YOUR OWN COUNTRY. You have no business across the line! What a travesty on the international labor movement? Spare us from our friends the enemy.

STRIKE! STRIKE!

"They say McNamara is to have a fair trial. Do you believe it? Does it look like it? But you have the power to force a fair trial. Fold your arms for one day, the day the McNamaras go to trial is all that will be necessary. No boats will slip anchor that day, no trains will run, no telephones, no newspapers. Remove your gnarled, red and crippled hands from the wheels of industry and the world stops. How many of you will do it?"

WM. D. HAYWOOD.
Ex-Sec. W. F. M.

WILL HIRE BY THE HOUR.

LACROSSE, Wash., July 17.—A number of I. W. W. members were in Lacrosse Saturday, leaving yesterday. Before leaving, however, they decorated almost every building in town with a red sticker worded as follows:

"Read Solidarity and Industrial Worker."
"I won't work more than eight hours after May 1, 1912. How about you?"

"Join the union of your class."
Many Lacrosse farmers talk of hiring farm hands by the hour since seeing the stickers.—"Spokesman-Review."

MINERS SENT TO JAIL

PERSECUTION IN COLORADO—MEN IMPRISONED FOR IGNORING INJUNCTION—SHOULD RESPECT COURTS, SAYS JUDGE.

DENVER, Colo., July 15.—Found guilty of violating District Judge Whitford's injunction preventing picketing in the northern Colorado coal fields, two members of the United Mine Workers today began serving one-year terms in the county jail imposed by Judge Whitford. Twelve others were assessed heavy fines.

This is the second crowd of miners Whitford has sentenced for ignoring this injunction. The court denied the appeal filed by the miners, but allowed the attorneys thirty days to file exceptions.

Edward Doyle, former president of the miners' local union at Lafayette, Colo., and William Crawford, secretary of district No. 13, United Mine Workers, received the jail sentences. The men who were fined were committed to jail until the fines are paid. All announce they will not pay any fine.

Court Attacks Tollers.

In pronouncing sentence the court denounced the miners' union for lack of respect for courts and court orders. He said in part:

"Idleness begets lawlessness. Here is organized refusal to work. Bitterness and animosity are in the breast of each against those who do work. Declarations have been made by members of the union that they will yet win the strike, despite Judge Whitford's orders. These declarations have come from those high in the councils of the union."—Ex.

This is all the proof necessary to show that the courts are the bulwarks of the boss. The injunction is one strong weapon. When we have an organization strong enough we will resist injunctions as well as everything else that stands in our way and to resist them we will use the POWER of the ONE BIG UNION of the workers. As injunctions are only used by one side in the great class struggle, the workers have a moral right to violate these injunctions. Every coal miner should go to jail in Colorado and once they start such a campaign we will fill Colorado with men to follow them in. Fill every bastille in the State and in the United States if necessary, but the first thing to do is to stop the wheels of industry until these men are released. The coal miners are landed by fakirs throughout the length and breadth of this country as an Industrial Organization. Any one who knows anything about state contracts, time contracts and contracts expiring at different times, knows how absurd the statement is, that the U. M. W. A. is an industrial organization. If it is, then we would like to see the U. M. W. A. in action for once. One general strike of coal miners alone would cripple every industry in America; it would win the strike in the Crows Nest Pass in B. C., the strike in Nova Scotia and the strike that has gone on for over a year in the Irwin fields in Pennsylvania as well as release the men from jail in Colorado and win that strike also. Coal is being shipped into B. C. at the present time to take the place of coal that used to be mined by the members of the U. M. W. A. in B. C., who are now on strike and have been for several months. The same men that are mining this coal and shipping it to B. C. are also paying assessments to help keep the men on strike from starving. We protest against this U. M. W. A. being called an industrial organization in any sense of the word. Industrial organizations will fight and be prepared to fight every day. Close down every mine or forever close up about industrial organization.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH ESTABLISHED IN DULUTH! POLICE BACK DOWN

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"Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man."—Herbert Spencer.

SOME GRAFT.

"Billy" Sunday has cleaned up \$70,507.77 in six Eastern cities in the last few months. He has "converted" 34,439 souls (if you know what that is) at a cost of \$2.00 for each soul. As a business proposition, "Billy" is in demand everywhere. He is a first rate town booster and between his graft and the other grafts the sucker will bite at when taking "Billy's" bait, it is needless to say that the "convert" pays well for the redemption of his soul.

HEY! YOU POLITICIANS!!!

"New interference with the 'inalienable rights' of man—with his liberty and his pursuit of happiness—is industrial government which now affects the daily lives of men and women more immediately and intensely than political government does.

"If a new declaration of independence were written today it would deal chiefly with social and industrial rights. The extraordinary dependence of each individual on many other individuals which modern means of transportation have developed throughout society, did not exist in 1776, and the collective action of the community which now so frequently overrides individual rights had not yet been imagined."

So sayeth Dr. Chas. W. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard University. This is what we have been trying to pound into the blocks of the parliamentarians for the last few years and which has brought the enmity of every job-seeking political ghoul in America.

Sure it's the industrial government of the master in the shop that affects us more than any political government, for political governments are but the reflex of the POWER of the boss in the shop. Let us fight where we are robbed. Organize on the job where the master class is entrenched and not for the purpose of "capturing the reins of government," but for capturing the full product of our toil at the point of production (the shop). One union for all will do the job. Maybe now that such a respectable gentleman as an ex-president of Harvard University has expressed himself, that some of the goody-goody college-bred politicians that are going to "capture the reins of government" will leave us alone. If you can't help to organize the workers, then be good enough to take your lies and political rot and leave it in the timber some distance away.

"TAKE IT AWAY."

Harrison Gray Otis, the "old gray wolf" that edits the Los Angeles Times, is advocating that all workers who go on strike be disfranchised. It might be a good thing, as the workers would then have to fight where the battle was on, which is THE JOB. We are not afraid that the boss will take the jobs away, unless he can find automatic machinery that will displace all labor and then of course we will TAKE the machine away from him and get the benefit of it for the workers that it displaced, instead of the boss getting the benefit of it as now at the expense of our misery. Go it, Mr. Otis. You with your disenfranchisement scheme, the Spokane capitalists telling the workers that they are only a COMMODITY and should be bought on the open market, Chas. W. Eliot telling us there is no equality and that men are not born equal, that industrial government affects us more than political governments, and it looks as if we should by this time be "getting next" to the whole rotten system and get organized on the industrial field, whereby labor will represent manhood, will be of more importance than brick and lumber and where parasites will either work or starve. The atmosphere is certainly getting clearer.

SOME DIFFERENCE.

At the gala performance in connection with the coronation of the king of England, as high as \$5,000.00 was offered by "gentlemen" for seats. In the same column of the London Daily Mail, which reported these facts, is a case where a mother of three children had gone to try and borrow 12 cents from her sister, as the family was on the point of starvation, and when she arrived home from the trip she found that her husband had committed suicide, caused from worry and want of work.

This is but one of the contrasts of the many thousands that could be used every day, but is it not enough to make the working class sit up and take notice and get organized so that they will have FORCE enough to throw these parasites off our backs? Do you belong to the class that can give \$5,000.00 for a ticket to a show or do you belong to the class that is liable to get hungry any old time? After you answer this and have decided that you belong to the working class, then get to the nearest I. W. W. local and take out a card in the ONE GREAT REVOLUTIONARY UNION OF THE WORKING CLASS and also take a stand that you will stick with it, agitate for better conditions and fight till the last parasite is clothed in overalls.

NOT LAW-BREAKERS.

Two girls in Seattle were "fired" for refusing to break the law by working more than eight hours a day. After being fired for being good, "law-abiding citizens" the girls said: "We have been told that we cut off our noses to spite our faces, but unless some fight for our rights the law will never amount to anything."

That is the point exactly, girls, and when you get enough of the girls to see that in the same way, you will need NO LAWS, but will make the laws yourselves in the union hall and will enforce it on the job. No law amounts to a chew of gum till you have POWER enough to enforce it, and when you have the POWER you will not need some high collared stiff strutting about some parliament building "in the interest of labor." Labor can get nothing until it is organized to stick together to TAKE things. There is only one bona-fide labor organization in America. A union that does not unite the workers where "an injury to one is an injury to all," is not worth the paper used in making the charter for it. Think this over, girls, and see if we are not about right. Get organized into the ONE BIG UNION and MAKE the boss come through.

THE WORLD STEEL TRUST.

The world steel trust has just been formed under the directing hand of Judge E. H. Gary. The convention was held in Brussels, Belgium, a few days ago. The main questions before the meeting were the total elimination of competition, control of output, and regulation of prices. Every steel owner (not slaves) was there.

The I. W. W. convention, representing the ONE GREAT UNION of the workers, will meet in Chicago on September 18th. Some of the same questions will be discussed in regards to the sale of our labor power as was discussed about the steel. To stop COMPETITION on the labor market by shortening the hours of labor is the most important matter right now. Will all the workers that have labor power to sell be there? Not on your life. The workers of America are pitted against each other in a thousand and one different unions all scabbing on each other and the boss has his stool pigeons ever at work to keep us in that fix. Only such delegates that recognize the class struggle and the necessity of ONE BIG UNION for all workers will be at the I. W. W. convention. All the same steel trust when we get enough "rats" and common sense. Take a lesson from the boss.

AT LAST THE TRUTH.

The statement that all men are created equal is manifestly not true in every sense. Men are not born equal in capacities, powers or dispositions. * * * Neither have all men any "inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

No one but a patriotic scissorbill yap who had been loaded up with cheap whiskey and 4th of July orations ever did believe that we were created equal.

A child might be born with the inventive brain of a Thomas A. Edison, but would be crushed to death for the want of a cent's worth of ice in some tenement building in Chicago or New York, while on the other hand some mental and physical imbecile, the result of a night of wild debauchery, could be born into the world with a few million dollars of a bank account.

We know that the working class has no right to life and liberty, but we need to think that we had the right to go in pursuit of it, but even that right has been denied us, as witnessed by the despotic methods of our masters in throttling freedom of speech.

Labor produces all wealth, and when labor takes a united stand by getting organized where it can act as a unit, it is off with this dreadful inequality that we see daily at the present time, whereby intelligent children die while the offspring of debauchery is coddled and petted in luxury and ease.

MORE TRAMPS.

Walla Walla, Wash., July 11.—The Gilbert Hunt Harvester Manufacturing Company of Walla Walla is engaged in making five so-called "automatic hoe-downs" for use in the harvest fields, where headers are used. This machine, it is said, will dispose of the need for six laborers. It was recently patented by persons living at Ritzville.

The above clipping taken from the Spokesman-Review is of interest to all workers and also to the masters, as it does away with six men on every machine and means that thousands of workers will be displaced throughout the country. This means that the jails will be enlarged, as men will have to tramp, beg or steal, all of which is a crime in the sight of the gent that owns the world. It was Robert Ingersoll who said that the workers would have to own the machine or the machine would own the workers. This is exactly what the I. W. W. says and it is up to every worker in the country to get next to the quickest way of getting hold of the machinery which now has us and forces us to tramp. If you think more of the boss than you do of yourself and the thousands and millions just like you, then keep on revering the boss and the machine; but if you are dissatisfied, then we welcome you to our ranks to help make up a great FORCE of systematically organized workers that will overthrow the present cursed system just as soon as we have the necessary power.

A (BOHN) HEAD

(By J. S. Biscay).

Some of the members have taken the wail of the effeminate Bohn, knocking the I. W. W. in the June Review, entirely too seriously. The Fellow Workers in answering were overzealous or they would not have treated the childish attack as though it came from a reasoning being. In the hurry to defend the organization the defenders obviously forgot where the childish criticism came from. When we consider who it is who thus criticizes the I. W. W., we are forced to laugh.

While an overdeveloped boy with an undeveloped feminine mind poses before ladies, old and young, as a hero of mythical dangerous exploits in the region of Mexico, we do not declaim. Though he may assure the gathered ladies (too polite to run) that he is gifted with wonderful knowledge on account of the Columbia College brain malformation; we do not criticize. So long as he makes his living by toadying to the youngsters of the effete bourgeois in some private school where he may teach, or gathering shekles through hot air peddling, public and private; we have no comment to make. He has the right to bore the bourgeois into insanity with his dime novel stories of the romantic West, which even the unsophisticated effete females take 'with a yawn, knowing it to be a result of an infant mind swelled to the point of bursting with self-conceit. He may even be especially gifted in bourgeois mannerism, styles of clothes, even surpassing the ordinary females of that cult; in its place we see no harm in that.

But, when this creature loaded down with its own importance seeks to reason on the affairs of men, it is then that he provokes us to mirth. The feeling is the same as if some female insisted on wearing trousers; we do not condemn trousers (I wear them myself, usually) though we may laugh at the spectacle.

I write this with due respect to the women, having no intention of classing such a little mind with the intelligent women. I only point to the spectacle of sister Bohn (with due apology to all sisters) trying to act the part of a man while he is a failure as a woman whom he seeks to ape.

We do not expect a college graduate with bourgeois training and environment to understand the movement of the proletariat. We cannot reasonably blame him for what he does not know, since his associations are bourgeois; and his jumping to conclusions like a giggling gum-chewing school girl. Though temporarily he might even become a member of the vulgar I. W. W. through the influence of the feminine quality called hysterical sentiment; yet we do not allow ourselves to be misled regarding the quality of wisdom such an one claims to possess.

This hysterical sisterette admits the great on-sweep of industrial unionism without being endowed with sufficient intelligence to understand that practically all the industrial agitation has come through the I. W. W. Why shouldn't we smile? He further admits that the I. W. W. has fought a number of hard pitched battles exemplifying the correct principles of industrial unionism. We have to laugh at the thought of what those battles would have been like if we all were as lady-like as sis Frank. How can we be expected to keep a straight face and read what he says?

He sees much evil in the I. W. W. That's nothing; all bosses see the same, so do all the other supporters of capitalism.

His mention of the anti-political fanatic is truly funny, almost as ludicrous as Frankie trying to be reasonable. Then his description of how mixed locals are made in the I. W. W. brings down the house in spasms of merriment, and his serious manner in treating this nonsense of his own childish brain is likely to kill some of us through convulsions of laughter. It reminds me of what the little boy told his mother regarding a train ride: "At every station at which the train stopped, mamma, there were always three boys; one with a fish pole and bait, one with the seat of his pants gone and the other always had a black eye."

But our mutual joke has even this beat many miles; no doubt because he is a bigger boy.

He childishly frets because the wage workers do not take kindly to his dope when they are too interested organizing on the job.

There! There! Now don't bother the great proletariat with your discordant cries, Frankie dear. We are too busy to laugh all the time over your infantile antics. We don't mind a joke now and then; a little fun which you seriously create, does us good. We appreciate your misdirected efforts to save the working class, but don't expect this great class to take over developed children seriously. Your cry of harmony is but an echo of the capitalist class; it may be new to you, but to us it's a stale joke, carrying an effusive aroma. Honestly, sis, we do not want to harmonize the interests of master and slave. It cannot be done, honey dear; it cannot be done. We know that you went through college, but that is no good to us. You learned to be "nice" and to think according to bourgeois stoicism, while we have learned through a world wide experience. Your tiny college where you practiced insane yells, platitudes, calisthenics and football is entirely too small to hold the physical or mental development of the proletariat. We developed our muscles by juggling railroad ties, playing with steel rails, transporting the means of life and doing the work of the world; while our mental development was achieved in the college of world wide experience of the wage class. Your little collection of walls and roof forming the institution which we built, is too small to hold the knowledge and experience of the proletariat. After you have passed through the May building of

misinformed learning, do not come before the great class on whose shoulders rests all civilization and try to get attention on things you do not understand. You are young, very young in proletarian experience, may one. Let the great proletariat who shoulders the world's work, Atlas like, do its work; to ask for the load is likely to make the workers laugh and drop the whole thing. You and your kind with maltreated bourgeois brains are too light. We will find a place for you in time, only don't get too impatient, dear child, while your knowledge of the wage class and its activity is yet too small, your knowledge infinitesimal. Put a hoop on that ivory dome and stick to your chosen vocation as a bourgeois lackey. Peddle your funny stories to the bourgeois children and weak minded females, they might occasionally believe you.

We are grateful to you for the humorous article, which you took so earnestly—it was a good joke, though unintentional on your part. Don't take yourself too seriously, little one, we do not. I do not mean to criticize you and your actions, not at all. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, even those whose senseless brainstorms create boundless humor are necessary. Were it not for efforts of the likes of you, we might become too serious. We only wish to save you unnecessary work in our behalf so you will have more time to attend to the stupendous task of pink tea lectures and high brow talks on woman's position under socialism. That is all right. Go to it, my boy; go to it. Don't mind us any more than we mind you or your childish pranks; we promise to smile, even laugh when you act funny.

In the meantime the proletariat is steadily marching toward the goal of economic emancipation. You are too small to stop it, dearie. Better get on the sidewalk while this great procession goes by or you might be trampled on by some thoughtless man.

JUSTICE MUST BE HAD

MINERS SHOULD ASSIST THE BUCCAFORI DEFENSE—THE FOLLOWING LETTER HAS BEEN FORWARDED TO ALL LOCALS OF THE W. F. M.—ASSISTANCE IS NEEDED FOR A JUST CAUSE.

Shoe Workers Local No. 168, Industrial Workers of the World—Buccafori Defense Committee, 10 Troy Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 11, 1911.

To the Officers and Members, Local Unions, W. F. M.:

Fellow Workers: Permit us to call your attention to the lecture, "The General Strike," delivered by your valiant and generous ex-general secretary-treasurer, Wm. D. Haywood, last March, for the benefit of the Buccafori Defense fund. Enclosed please find a copy:

"The General Strike" is becoming a subject of increasing importance to the working class, not only of this country but of the world. It is being discussed and agitated wherever modern industrial conditions prevail, with an interest second to none. Wm. D. Haywood has presented the subject in the light of his extensive experience, with which every W. F. M. local is familiar.

In view of the importance of the subject, the generosity and fame of the lecturer, and the good purpose to be served by the publication of the lecture, we respectfully solicit your order for the pamphlet, "The General Strike," by Wm. D. Haywood. The pamphlet is sold at five cents a copy; \$3.00 a hundred; \$25.00 a thousand. Address all orders to CHARLES LINFANTE, 10 Troy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Help along the Buccafori Defense Fund and the working class by purchasing and circulating "The General Strike," by Wm. D. Haywood.

With best wishes and hoping to soon hear favorably from you I am, yours for Industrial Freedom.

(Seal) CHARLES LINFANTE.

Sec.-Treas. Buccafori Defense Committee.

Fellow Workers: Buccafori is in prison, serving a ten-year sentence because he was man enough to protect his own body from a personal and brutal attack by the foreman of the shop. With blood flowing from the cuts on his face from the beating received at the hands of this brute and his assailant rushing towards him with a heavy shoe fist with the avowed intention of finishing him, there was nothing else to do but to do as Buccafori did, and in defending himself the brutal capitalist tool lost his life he lost it in a battle which he started himself and which many of the workers in the past had come out second best. Buccafori is every inch a man and he has a wife that is every inch a woman, who is daily fighting to raise money to carry on the fight for his release. Never was a man more justified in protecting himself than was Buccafori. He was a striker, an I. W. W. man, and his one regret while in prison, has not been for himself, but for the fact that the shoe-workers did not win the strike after such a gallant struggle.

There is not a miner in the west or any other place, but who should read the pamphlet containing the speech made by Wm. D. Haywood in New York and which is being sold to raise money to carry on the defense of Fellow Worker Buccafori. There is not a local but what could profitable handle a few thousand or a few hundred of these pamphlets and profit by the purchase. To educate and organize the workers where they can act together, is the only and true method of assisting ourselves, regardless of who the person is that says it is not.

LEFT BLEEDING ON TRIAL

**WORKER IS BRUTALLY TREATED BY
SURVEYOR IN B. C.—I. W. W. MAN
FINES WOUNDED MAN ON
TRAIL AND CARRIES
HIM TO LAKE.**

I was engaged to work for W. H. Moss, a surveyor at Windermere, B. C., at the rate of \$3.00 per day and board of course. I commenced work on July 16th and was let go after supper, without any notice of what was to take place next or where I could see the said Moss to get settled up. When I engaged together with three other workers, Moss told us that it would be a six weeks' job at the least. The crew that had been working for him previous to the time we engaged, we later found out had quit on account of the rotten conditions prevailing.

Moss complained about the boys quitting him on such short notice, but he evidently had no scruples in regard to this "short notice" business when he wished to get rid of men himself.

Moss is very careful to see that the men put in a full ten hour day and he is anxious to get two men's work out of one and more if possible. He paid me off short \$4.00, which gave me a fine opportunity to tell the gentleman what I thought of him.

The instance of brutality referred to, occurred when John W. Foley (one of the crew) cut his foot very severely with an axe. When the accident occurred Moss told Foley that he was as close to the ferry as he was to the camp, but when Foley was carried out to the road he found out that it was a great deal farther to the ferry than to the camp. Moss allowed Foley to try and make his own way to the ferry, not allowing any one to go with him.

I left the camp at 3:45 o'clock to go to the ferry; my Spillmachine and have a team sent up next day to move Moss' outfit down and I met Foley between a quarter and half a mile from the ferry. The road was covered with water from 12 to 18 inches deep. I carried Foley on my back the rest of the way through the water, which was very lucky for him as he was faint and weak from loss of blood and pain. He had been obliged to rest by the wayside as the distance was over five miles, and it took him several hours to make as far as he did.

When we arrived at the ferry Mr. Edward White, Walter Nickson, Douglas MacDougal and William Bell were there and between them they bathed Foley's foot and bandaged it, placed their own clean socks and put on a new rubber without any hesitation whatever. The first thing they asked was, after seeing the condition of Foley, was, "What in hell kind of a man is Moss to let a man come down in that condition without sending anyone with him?" After Foley was placed in the hospital at Wilmer, Moss was seen to go past the hospital door without stopping to see how the man was getting along. Moss has since written to Foley, stating that he was too busy to come and see him.

Moss has no time for any working man and less for one if he finds out that he is an Industrial Unionist. He argues that the present system is all right and every one has the same chance.

DONALD J. FRASER.

P. S.—I tried to get the doctor at the hospital at Wilmer, B. C., to enter a complaint against W. H. Moss on account of the treatment accorded Foley, but he would not do so, beat about the bush and tried to make out that it was not his place to do so.

D. J. F.

MONTERRO FREE.

**But Another Mexican Liberal Is Still in Jail
at San Diego to Be Deported.**

SAN DIEGO, July 10.—Juan Monterro, a Mexican Liberal, was today released by the United States Immigration department from the county jail.

Efforts were made to deport him, but as there were no grounds upon which to base this action they were fruitless.

Monterro proved that he had previously been a resident of the United States, but his companion, Leonardo Gutierrez, is still in jail and is practically sure to be deported, which means an awful DEATH at the hands of the Madero government.

Gutierrez is a Cocopal Indian, small in stature, but a fighter every inch and it will be a great crime for the United States government to send him to Mexico to be murdered.

STANLEY M. GUE.

**COOKS AND WAITERS ON STRIKE IN
SAN DIEGO.**

SAN DIEGO, July 12.—The Cooks and Waiters' union, A. F. of L., today called a strike in two of the largest restaurants in San Diego. They are out for a six day week instead of a seven day one as at present.

The restaurant owners have organized and will fight. More news later. A tip to the strikers. SABOTAGE!

STANLEY M. GUE.

LIBERALS ON TRIAL IN LOS ANGELES.
LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 12.—The former insurrecto leaders of Lower California, who have been arrested at the behest of the Mexican government were brought before the U. S. court in Los Angeles today.

They were brought to Los Angeles on a writ of habeas corpus issued at the request of At-

torney E. E. Kirk of the defendants.

The men who were brought from San Diego are: John R. Mosby, J. B. Larkin, and S. R. Reed. They were in the Liberal army in Lower California and after their defeat at Tijuana were arrested on a United States warrant, sworn to by the Mexican consul in San Diego.

Mosby and the others have been held in "the dungeon" at San Diego for several weeks and are showing the effects of this, combined with insufficient food. All are said to have lost weight and prison pallor is taking the place of the tan acquired on the deserts of Lower California.

By the issuance of the writ of habeas corpus the legal proceedings have been transferred from the U. S. commissioners' court at San Diego to the U. S. circuit court at Los Angeles. This will insure a more speedy trial and perhaps better treatment at the hands of the official watch dogs of the capitalist class.

The trial of the men was to have taken place at 10:30 a. m. today, BUT WAS POSTPONED UNTIL JULY 24 AT THE REQUEST OF THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT. This will give the Madero agents ample time to MANUFACTURE PERJURED EVIDENCE against the Liberals.

STANLEY M. GUE.

AGITATING ON THE JOB

**HARVEST HANDS AT POMEROY,
WASH.—MANY I. W. W. MEN AGI-
TATING FOR BETTER WAGES.**

The regular harvest invasion of "boes" is in and they are here this time in the largest numbers known since the Cockey army days, when men willing to pay for a chance to get to work at \$1 per in the fields.

Between forty and fifty men are lying in the jungles around Pomeroy. Yet a man would do his brother a wrong to class them all under the more or less opprobrious term of "hobo" which has come to be a synonym for back door handouts and general basking of one's way through the country.

Quite a sprinkling of the migratory genus homo dwelling at present in jungle land are socialists or I. W. W.'s. The result is that the public has heard more within the last week from curbstone philosophers about the universal brotherhood of man, the evils of the competitive wage system, the thralldom of control of the instruments or production of wealth, etc., than ever disturbed the quiet atmosphere of this agricultural community before, and which reminds one of the vociferous scenes that take place around lower Howard and Main in Spokane. Whole treatises on political economy are chewed up and spit out again by these jungle orators.

"It's all wrong, this whole nervous system. The working man has only his labor to sell and the price of that labor is what the capitalist will give him after his fellow workman has beaten him down in competition in the open market," declares one oracle.—Garfield Standard.

CONDITIONS IN PASCO, WASH.

Conditions in Pasco are fierce, from a worker's point of view. The city is doing improvement work on the streets; paving and concreting the sidewalks.

The drivers here see the competition in the slave market and are making use of it. They drive the poor slaves at a pace that kills as long as he can endure the drill in the heat, then can him and get new suckers on the job. These ignorant scissor-bills will sit around the works and cause their fellow workers to be driven all the harder by their presence. It is a deplorable sight to see these spineless slaves begging their masters for the privilege to torture themselves in the heat.

The writer overheard four cringing curs begging and crawling around a master's feet last night. They told him they were hungry and wanted to work (not eat), but the master shook his head and said: "NOTHING DOING" (sorry). I want to state right here whenever I am hungry I do not want to work, but I do want to eat and I will not work or try to, until I do eat. It seems to me if I was a master I would not hire starved slaves. If they are hungry they cannot stand the race in the heat on the Irish buggies.

If I could wire the God of the Jews I would send him some ungodly news and tell him for humanity's sake to send these scissor-bills some brains, so we can organize them and have them break their chains. (Moral). Working men when you are hungry, never look for work, but for something to eat first. Get wise to yourselves. Organize with your class in the I. W. W.

A. E. COLLINS,
Pasco, Wash.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

It is hard to believe in the wisdom of an economic regime under which scarcity and want are the result of an over-production of necessary commodities. It is hard to believe that human wealth is increased and the social purpose furthered by committing the natural resources of a country, the gold and silver, copper and iron, coal and oil, field and forest, into the private keeping of a few individuals, instead of administering this bounty for the good of all.—Hanford Henderson.

WANTED.

T. F. Ryan is requested to communicate with the Multitype Machine Co. at once. The address is 925 First avenue, Spokane, Wash.

FROM KANSAS CITY.

To the Rank and File of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Fellow Workers: In response to the general call issued in the I. W. W. papers for a large representation at the next annual convention we, the members of Local No. 61, I. W. W. of Kansas City, Mo., have elected a delegate to the convention. We find, however, upon investigation that because of a technicality—namely, that in order to be represented in the convention a local must have been in existence three (3) months prior to the calling of the convention—our delegate is not eligible.

Now the purpose of this communication is to explain our position to the rank and file so that they in the various locals can give their delegates definite instructions as to what action to take when the case of our delegate comes up before the convention.

We organized as a propaganda league about March 1, with 12 members. All of our members have been paying dues. Our membership has increased from 12 to 30. When we first began activities we had about all we could do to maintain open headquarters, but after two weeks we began agitation both on the job and from the soap-box, and this work has been carried on with considerable activity ever since. We average two street meetings a week and our literature sales ran from \$4.00 to \$8.00. And at the same time job agitation was not neglected.

In explanation of the fact that we remained a propaganda league we will simply state that we deemed it best to wait until we could organize as an industrial local. But failing in our expectation—at least for the present we have organized as a mixed local, the charter has already been issued to us.

Now fellow workers we fully realize that if the interpretation which you place on the constitution is that it is a set of iron bound rules used to govern the organization—then we may expect nothing from our appeal. We believe, however, that the membership of the I. W. W. is intelligent enough to distinguish between an attempt to override the constitution for illegitimate purposes and the justifiable attempt of a local to have representation equivalent to their taxation.

If the fact that for the two months previous to this time our paying per capita to the general organization on more than 20 members does not count for anything towards gaining us representation, then why, fellow workers, does the general organization accept said per capita? Yours for Industrial Freedom.

A. B. CARSON,
MAUD P. SCOTT,
HUGH M. SCOTT,
Committee.

Note by Secretary:

Since organizing in this locality, or rather re-organizing we have paid headquarters for 141 stamps, average of about 35 stamps per month.

DON D. SCOTT,
Secretary L. U. No. 61.

DUE CARDS AT SAN DIEGO!

The following cards are in the possession of the secretary of local 13, San Diego:

D. C. Johnston.
Wm. Murphy.
W. D. Miller.
F. C. Decker.
Malcolm McCall.
Camill Froils.
H. Decker.
C. D. Cameron.
C. W. Brown.
J. Hicks.
W. Hicks.
G. C. Green.
Frank Smith.
William Jones.
H. J. Danford.

Owners of these cards are requested to send for them or pay up their dues at once. We are broke. Address Box 312, San Diego, Cal.

STANLEY M. GUE,

Secretary.

Solidarity please copy.

FROM CASSETON, N. D.

As a member of the I. W. W. I think it is my duty to let the workers know, through the "Industrial Worker," how things are out here in North Dakota. I have been here now a week or more, and I have got things sized up quite well. People are rushing in here from Duluth and Minneapolis by the hundreds and every freight train is loaded with the unemployed. It will be two weeks before harvesting starts. And there is nothing for them to do here until then. Farmers are offering 75 cents for hay and \$1.50 for shocking barley.

Two hundred men were hiked out of Casseton Sunday last, and they are hiking men out of every town in the state of any note. There are about two or three hundred men at Casseton now in the jungles. Crops are good in North Dakota, but there will be a man for every bundle. Times are quite good around Duluth; that is a man can get a job at railroad work on the Soo and G. N. The Soo is building from Duluth to Minneapolis. Hoping that the laboring class will soon get wise and organize.

JOE RYAN,
Local No. 429, Cle Elm, Wash.

What the Locals are Doing

DENVER I. W. W. IS BUSY

**LOCAL NO. 26 IS GROWING—DEBATE
WITH "CIVILIZED PLANE" GENT—
MORE MINERS SENT TO JAIL.**

Local No. 26 is doing well for a "jay" burg with no industries. Here the people live on tourists in summer and take in each other's washing in the winter. Members are mainly floaters so we build for benefit of other locals. Last meeting 13 initiated. Receipts \$60.31, expenses \$62.16; balance on hand July 11, \$46.49. The local has distributed 25,000 pieces of free literature in last 10 weeks. All pamphlets, both in German and English, constantly on hand. "Social General Strike," "Direct Action" and "Syndicalism" in German are fair sellers. Fifty "Workers" and 25 Solidaritys each week. The cartoon always makes a hit. Still speaking every night upon the street. On 18th and Larimer, Monday, Thursday and Saturday. Other nights at Seventeenth and Champa. Hall meetings every Sunday night at Lower Howe Hall, 1548 California street, during July and August. On June 9 a debate was held between August Gilhaus, national organizer of the Socialist Labor party, and Walker C. Smith, secretary of No. 26, I. W. W. Question was "Resolved, that the working class can organize industrially to overthrow wageslavery without the use of political action. Smith took the affirmative. It was agreed that for the purpose of debate political action would be defined as the placing of candidates upon a political party ticket and voting therefore. Gilhaus was to take the position that this action was necessary as a shield under which to organize. When he saw his arguments were being downed he turned at the last and took the stand that political action meant speaking upon the streets and distributing literature. As though the I. W. W. who are constantly carrying on that form of agitation, would debate against their own actions. Smith closed with a plea for the workers to join the I. W. W. in order to better fight their every day battles and to gain the power to seize and hold the industries. One member was taken at the close of the meeting. The S. L. P. have made no boasts about winning the debate and one of the foremost S. L. P. men told Gilhaus his arguments were "very, very ordinary." Smith was invited by the president of the Custom Tailors' Union (A. F. of L.), who was present at the debate, to address the tailors on the 12th, which he did, being well received by those present, with the sole exception of the business agent (on salary of \$30.00 per week). On the 25th the local has agreed to have a three-cornered debate and a large crowd is expected. Theodore Kidney, ex-president of the Boiler-makers, will speak for the A. F. of L. Ernest Siegel will stand for the Socialist party position, and W. C. Smith will uphold the I. W. W. end of the affair. Local No. 26 has no fear of the outcome. Another bunch of coal miners have been jailed by Injunction Greeley Whitford, in spite of the big parade held the first part of the year. The A. F. of L. replied by placing a boycott on coal. (Thermometer 90 degrees in the shade), and also boycotting three firms connected with the Northern Colorado Fuel Company. One of these firms is a wholesale house, another caters to the "neverwear" trade and the third is a bank. Just how effective the boycott will be remains to be seen.

The Bakers' union (A. F. of L.) voted last week to allow the "fair" shops to keep open longer hours and on all holidays so that they might meet the competition of the non-union shops. Some of the radical barbers are talking of pulling out of the A. F. of L. The union already excludes women barbers and negroes; but calls them scabs if they take a job. Conditions are rotten in Denver and the masters finding time hanging heavy upon their hands gave a prosperity parade on the 18th, called an Industrial Review. It was a great assemblage of "cockroaches" and even some of the "dear comrades" were in line. Only a few of the craft unions were represented, cigar-makers, musicians and printing trades. The parade started with a platoon of blue bellies, followed by a float representing the "Horn of Plenty." This had wire netting over it to prevent the starving wageslaves from grabbing a feed. A float telling of the merits of the "Salt Lake Coffee House" closed the procession. How appropriate, start with the "Horn of Plenty" and end with "coffee and—." Verily the slaves of Denver like to be humbugged. Hoping you are not the same, I am, yours in raising hell to get to heaven.

J. O. BLESSMAN.

THE HARVEST IS RIPE.

For the first time the Industrial Workers of the World (the I. W. W.'s) have invaded the city. They have a camp in the jungle edge above the coal bins and are industriously preaching their doctrines and putting up stickers around town. One of their gummed posters depicts two men with a bundle of wheat between them, and the inscription: "The grain is ripe, now is the time to strike. Don't be a slave any longer."—Garfield Herald.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Industrial Worker

BOOSTER'S BRIGADE

M. Robertson sends in \$2.00 for 25c sub cards from St. Louis, Mo.

Donald J. Fraser sends in \$4.00 for Industrial Workers to be sent to B. C. Donnell after them all the time.

\$1.25 arrived this week from Chicago for subs. The Cal boys are on the hustle.

Fred Nelson sends in \$2.25 to the "Worker" this week; \$1.00 is a donation and the balance is for subs.

F. H. Alexander sends in \$1.00 for four 13 week sub cards to be sent to Omaha. Two of them goes to the Y. M. C. A. Jesus saves!

Covington Hall donates \$1.00 to the "Worker."

NOTICE.

We hope the members who have worked so well in the past to sustain the "Worker" will not lay down on the job, now that the hot weather is on. The paper must come out whether it is hot or cold, rain or shine. The receipts this week are lower than for any week since the present management has been on the "Worker." This statement should be sufficient to urge all our members to go after the subs.—Editor.

NEARLY A STRIKE.

What might have been a good lively strike, and an opportunity to make a strong fight for better conditions, was made impossible by the men working for the Washington Water Power Company accepting their wages on being cut 50 cents per day and leaving the job. All drillers, machine men and powder men received a cut of 50 cents. Had these men been organized they would never have left the job until they were whipped. If organized strong enough there would be no chance of getting whipped. We have got to get organized and fight on the job. We can never win a battle by running away.

SCOTT ANDERSON.

NEW LOCAL AT FORT BRAGG, CAL.

Star Bark Camp, July 13, 1911.
Fellow Worker: Filigno is working a few miles from this camp and we are both very busy doing propaganda work for the I. W. W. We sent \$25.00 to headquarters for charter and supplies. We expect to have a big local here as we have some good material, most of our members having been members of other organizations.

We held a mass meeting on the 3rd of July at Fort Bragg. The first six men that came to the meeting were bosses; the hall was full of company spies.

Only a few of the men at the meeting signed up for that reason. But we have changed our tactics and are picking up members on the streets, in the camps and at the hotels.

You will hear from this section of the world often in the future. Filigno is on the war-path for subs all the time. Yours for constructive Industrial Organization,

JOHN PANCNER,
Star Bark Camp, West Port, Cal.

FROM CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

Wages are all shot to pieces in this district. In the woods the wages now are \$40.00 to \$70.00 per month and board. We work 11 hours a day. In the saw-mills the wages are from \$27.00 to \$60.00 and board. Some Russians work as low as \$22.00 per month and board.

Crescent City had a strong I. W. W. union a few years ago and had the boss by the snort hair. At that time \$40.00 was the lowest wage in the mills and the woodsmen were getting \$60.00 and up. The company run in a few Humbolters (A. F. of L.ites) and broke our union up. As soon as the union was busted the boss cut the wages, then shortly after they made another cut and last month another cut was made. The slaves seem contented with whatever the boss wishes to give them. I have talked to hundreds of them and I feel like giving them up as a bad job.

There are about 150 men working here now and the works may close down any old time. There may be a chance to start a local in the spring, but at present chances do not look very favorable.

C. E. BRIGGS.

NOTICE.

Local No. 66 has moved to new quarters. Any slaves coming this way are cordially invited to visit us at 958 I street, up one flight first door to your left. Free reading room. Yours for the I. W. W.

JOHN J. McNEIL,
Financial Secretary.

CHANGE OF SECRETARY.

Local No. 73, I. W. W., has elected a new secretary. The present secretary is Alfred Foster, 229½ E. Weber Ave., Stockton, Cal.

HAYWOOD IN CALIFORNIA.

"Bill" Haywood, the miner, will be in Los Angeles on August 6th, where he will speak in the Labor Temple. As this is the city where the fight is centering there will be a packed hall.

On Thursday, August 10, Haywood will speak for the I. W. W. in San Diego, Cal. The meeting is to be held in Germania Hall at Ninth and G streets, at 8 p. m.

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For Three Dollars Four Sub Cards

If you are interested in spreading the propaganda of Industrial Unionism; if you wish to see The Industrial Worker grow; purchase four yearly subscription cards for three dollars. If you are not a subscriber, sell three of the cards at a dollar apiece, and you will have your own subscription free. If you are already a subscriber, sell the four cards, which will net you one dollar, or 25 per cent commission.

*We Must Have the Subs
Lend Us a Hand*

I. W. W. Song Books

10c each, \$5.00 per hundred, \$35.00 per thousand.

Cash must accompany all orders.
Max Dezettel, Sec. Joint Locals, 518 Main Ave. (rear), Spokane, Wash.

INDUSTRIAL UNION LEAFLETS.

"Two Kinds of Unionism," by Edward Hammond.

"Union Scabs and Others," by Oscar Ameringer.

"Getting Recognition," by A. M. Stinton.

4 page leaflets, 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.

"Eleven Blind Leaders," by B. H. Williams.

32 page pamphlet. Price, 5c.

Pamphlets in Foreign Languages—"Why Strikes Are Lost," by W. E. Trautmann, in Lithuanian. Price, 10 cents a copy; 25 per cent off on orders of 100 or more. In Italian—"Report of the I. W. W. to Paris International Congress."

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50 cents per thousand.

REMEMBER JAMES KELLY COLE.

A book has been printed which contains some of the writings and poems of James Kelly Cole. It is an 85-page book. Single copy, 25c; discount to Locals.

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Lakebay, Washington

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Bi-Monthly Syndicalist Review

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Address all correspondence to Pierre Monette, Editor, 96 Quai Jemmapes, Paris.

INGERSOLL ON ECONOMICS

Robert G. Ingersoll, one of the brainiest men the world ever produced, said in a speech a few years ago:

"Invention has filled the world with competitors not only of laborers, but of mechanics, mechanics of the highest skill. Today the ordinary laborer is for the most part a peg in a wheel. He works with the tireless—he feeds the insatiable. When the monster stops, the man is out of employment—out of bread, he has saved nothing. The machine that he fed was not feeding him—was not working for him. The invention was not for his benefit. The other day I heard a man say that it was almost impossible for thousands of good mechanics to get employment, and that, in his judgment, the government ought to furnish work for the people. A few minutes later, I heard another say that he was selling a patent for cutting out clothes, that one of the machines could do the work of twenty tailors, and that the week before he had sold a great house in New York, and that over forty cutters had been discharged.

On every side men are being discharged, and machines are being invented to take their places. When the great factory shuts down the workers who inhabited it, and gave it life, as thoughts do the brain, go away, and it stands there like an empty skull. A few workmen, by the force of habit, gather about the closed doors and broken windows, and talk about distress, the price of food, and the coming winter. They are convinced that they have not had their share of what their labor created; they feel certain that the machines inside were not their friends. They look at the mansion of the employer, and think of the places where they live. They have saved nothing, nothing but themselves. The employer seems to have enough, even when employers fail, when they become bankrupt, they are far better off than the laborers ever were.

Their worst is better than the toiler's best. The capitalist comes forward with his specific. He tells the workman that he must be economical. But under the present system economy would only lessen wages. Under the great law of supply and demand, every saving, and frugal, self-denying working man is unconsciously doing what little he can to reduce the compensation of himself and his fellows. The slaves who did not wish to run away, help fasten chains on those who did, so the saving mechanic is a certificate that wages are high enough. Does the great law demand that every worker live on the least possible amount of bread? Is it his fate to work one day, that he may get enough food to be able to work another? Is that to be his only hope—that and death?

Capital has always claimed and still claims, the right to combine. Manufacturers meet, determine prices, even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Have the laborers the same right to consult and combine? The rich meet in club or parlor. Working men, when they combine, gather in the streets. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and the navy, the legislature, the judicial and executive departments. When the rich combine, it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas;" when the poor combine, it is a "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they really do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselves, it is "treason."

How is it that the rich control the departments of government. In this country that political power is equally divided among men. There are certainly more poor than there are rich. Why should the rich control? Why should not the laborers combine for the purpose of controlling the executive, the legislature and the judicial departments? Will they ever find how powerful they are? How are we to settle the unequal contest between men and machines? Will the machines finally go into partnership with the laborer? Can these forces of nature be controlled for the benefit of her

suffering children? Will extravagance keep pace with ingenuity? Will the workman become intelligent enough and strong enough to be the owner of the machines? Will these giants, these titans, shorten or lengthen the hours of labor? Will they give leisure to the industrious, or will they make the rich richer, and the poor poorer? Is man involved in the general scheme of things. Is there no pity, no mercy? Can man become intelligent enough to be generous, to be just, or does the same law or fact control him that controls the animal or vegetable world? The great oak steals the sunlight from the smaller tree. The strong animal devours the weak. Everything eating something else—everything at the mercy of the beak and claw of hoof and tooth, of hand and club, of brain and greed inequality, injustice everywhere. The poor horse standing in the streets with its dray, overworked, over-whipped and underfed, when he sees other horses groomed to mirrors, glittering with gold and silver, scorning with proud feet, the earth probably indulged in some of the usual socialistic reflections, and this same horse, worn out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty road, leans its head on the top-most rail of a fence, looks at donkeys in a field of clover and feels like a Nihilist.

In the days of cannibalism, the strong devoured the weak, actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advances in science, the strong, the cunning, the heartless, still live off the unfortunate and foolish. True they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood, but they live on their labor, on their denial, their weariness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for wife and children through all his anxious barren, and wasted life, who goes to the grave without ever having had one luxury, has been the food of others he has been devoured by his fellowmen. The poor woman living in the barren lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being devoured by her fellowmen.

When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life, the failure, the poverty, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation and the shame, I am almost forced to say that cannibalism after all is the most merciful form on which man has ever lived upon his fellowmen. It is impossible for a man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it is now. No man can truly enjoy even what he knows to be his own, knowing that millions of his fellowmen are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat; to meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm. One feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a country filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth? Is there to be no change? Is the law of supply, invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation always to be enemies or those who toil?

Will the workers always be ignorant and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workmen? Will they always build temples for ghosts and phantoms, and live in huts and dens for themselves? Will the lips, unstained by lies, forever kiss the robed imposter's hands? Will they finally say that the man who has had equal privileges with all others, has no right to complain, or will they follow the example that has been set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force, to succeed, must have thought behind it, and that thought must rest upon the corner-stone of justice?

I. W. W. PREAMBLE WHAT WE BELIEVE.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trades unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation we unite under the following constitution.

ARE YOU A STICKER?



Stick 'Em Up Everywhere

\$1.00 Per Thousand at Headquarters

"OLD AND ONLY IN THE WAY"

I. W. W. MAN TIRES OF THE STRUGGLE—DIED A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION—WILLS EVERYTHING TO I. W. W.

Fourteen lots of property in Upper Fruitvale; worth \$3,000, are bequeathed to the Industrial Workers of the World, and a few comments on life in general are left to his friends by the late J. A. Anthony, who committed suicide on his property last Wednesday.

Disposition of his estate is made in a letter to George Speed, a friend. This document was offered for probate yesterday in Oakland and is one of the most unusual testaments on the probate files. In part it follows:

"To George Speed:
Dear Comrade:
"I have made up my mind that there is one wage slave too many in this world and that I'm that one; accordingly when you read these lines I shall be dead. It would be incorrect to say that I quit life in a fit of despondency. Nothing of the sort. I'm merely hastening the inevitable for reasons good and sufficient to myself.

"The fact is that I feel I'm getting old. Old age may be beautiful and venerable and a lot of other things that look nice in print—but I don't want it.

"On the subject of death I oppose Nietzsche's view. To the tired and weary wage-worker who is free from fear of the spooks that the priests are trying to frighten us with, the passage over the dark river has no terrors.

"It is my last will and desire that my little realty holdings be sold as speedily as may be, and the money sent to the general headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World at 518 Cambridge building, Chicago. My relatives have never expected anything from me in a material sense. Their affection for me has ever been wholly unselfish, and I could hardly think of giving it to the church, for in her career upon earth she has prospered very well.

"The Industrial Workers of the World appears to me to be free from capitalistic dirt and sophistry. Thus, I die as I lived—a revolutionist. It is upon you, my friend, that I impose the duty of attending to the matter.

"Let it be said that I have the merit of having been a soldier, not after the ideal of the 'superman' from Oyster Bay, not for country and flag, but in the cause of the social revolution, and this shall be my defense at the bar of the Great Judge.

"Farewell, and keep in kindly remembrance your comrade,

"J. A. ANTHONY,
"1350 Stockton St."

"San Francisco Examiner."

FAR WORSE THAN RUSSIA

FIGHTING RATS IN PRISON—OLD WOMEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN IMPRISONED FOR BEATING TIN CANS WHEN SCABS ARE PASSING.

In the Irwin coal fields, women have been cast into jail that are infested with all kinds of vermin and have actually had to fight the rats back or be devoured by them. This is in the so-called land of freedom. The following letter written by Mother Jones, who is with the miners, tells of persecution that is almost unbelievable:

"There were three generations in jail," writes Mother, "because they would not pay \$10 apiece in fines to a corporation squire, who might as well have demanded \$10,000 as \$10. There was a mother, her three months' old

baby and a grandmother besides two little children who could not walk, all huddled together in a foul prison, fighting off rats. Can such conditions prevail in Russia? I doubt it. I know they would not be tolerated in monarchical England or Germany. The men of this nation who permit such outrages are cowards.

"The so-called judge who sentenced the women and children to jail without mercy is an ardent church-goer. Last Sunday 2,000 miners and their wives and children marched—it's an old custom and second nature of miners to hold processions. The church people sent the Cossacks to tell us not to play the band or do any singing, as they were praying. Perhaps if we had disobeyed we would have been in contempt of court."—Ex.

THE BREAD LINE

By J. H. Seymore, the Hobo Poet.

Dedicated to Organized Charity of New York.

Come, cheer up, pal, it's nearly ten,
De doors 'll soon be open;
We'll git a bowl o' Java den
(Leastwise dat's w'at I'm hopin').
An' dat'll make us good an' warm,
Jes' w'at we been a-wishin';
It's cold an' wet here in de storm,
But alright in de mission.

Aw, yes, you bet, it's mighty hard
To stand here on de Bowery
Since seven in de mornin', pard,
In wedder cold an' showery.
I know it hurts t' read dat sign;
"Come 8 A. M. fer luncheon,"
But better stand t'ree hours in line
Dan come too late for munchin'.

At last dey're open! half past ten—
Come, lean on me—dat's better.
Jes' squeeze in 'twixt dem bigger men
An' don't get any wetter.
Now, come, brace up, we'll soon be in—
Don't give dat bloke no 'spicion;
He'll tink ye'r drunk, as sure as sin,
An' chase ye from de mission.

Now, sec, we're in. Sit down an' wait,
We'll soon be warm an' eatin'.
What's dat 'e says? Aw, hell, dat's great!
"We'll first have noonday meetin'."
Dat means a couple hours or more
Before we git our chewin';
But dere's no sense in gittin' sore—
Dat's w'at dey're always doin'.

Now, listen, pal, dey're goin' t' preach
An' tell us 'bout de Savior.
It's pretty nice, dem t'ings dey teach,
'Bout keepin' good behavior;
But seems t' me, from w'at I've read
'Bout Christ an' bread an' fishes,
Dat first He'd have us bums all fed
An' den we'd heed his wishes.

Hear w'at dat lady says dere, bo;
Dat Christ fer us is weepin'.
Come, tell me now, ye didn't know—
But say, de poor kid's sleepin'.
Well, let 'im sleep; he needs it, sure;
T'ree nights he's packed de banner.
Aw, God, it's fierce to be so poor
An' live in such a manner!

But now dey've stopped de righteous spiel—
Jes' shake yerself some, Freddy.
At las' we're goin' t' git our meal;
De bread an' coffee's ready.
But say, he's stiff! Dere's hell t' pay!
De poor kid's dead, not sleepin'.
Well—one poor soul has got away,
No wonder Christ is weepin'.

THE RIGHT OF SPEECH.

No right was deemed by the fathers of the government more sacred than the right of speech. It was in their eyes, as in the eyes of all thoughtful men, the great moral renovator of society and government. Daniel Webster called it a homebred right, a fireside privilege. Liberty is meaningless where the right to utter one's thought and opinions has ceased to exist. That, of all rights, is the dread of tyrants. It is the right which they first of all strike down. They know its power. Thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, founded in injustice and wrong, are sure to tremble, if men are allowed to reason for righteousness in their presence.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS.